

"The poet is he that hath fat enough, like bears and marmots, to suck his claws all winter. He hibernates in this world, and feeds on his own marrow . . . his words are the relation of his oldest and finest memory, a wisdom drawn from the remotest experience."  
---Thoreau

\* \* THE CRUMB! \* \*

Vol. 64, No. 2

Wednesday, Aug. 16, 1989

WELCOME CAMPERS! So, you've survived U.S. Air/Piedmont/Fly-By-Night Airlines and the taxicabs from hell and you're all registered up -- terrific. You've found the hottubs and shuffleboard courts and now you're ready for some poultry, friction and non-friction. Well hang on tight and watch these pages, buckaroos, for all the straight dope and real skinny and true gen -- names and dates and times. We at The Crumb will do our best to keep you from doing anything really stupid all day long. So saddle up, smoke 'em if you got 'em, and let's get this show on the road ...

SCHEDULE: So many readings, so little time...please observe proper etiquette when attending readings and lectures -- arrive early (the bells, the bells!), don't walk out in the middle unless God has spoken to you personally dressed like Jimmy Swaggert, and don't roll pennies across the floor. Here's the poop:

9-10 am	Lecture by Robert Pack
10:10-11:10 am	Lecture by Hilma Wolitzer
11:20-12:20 pm	Reading by Fellows: David Baker, Andrea Barrett & Hilda Raz
2-3 pm	Panel Research: Ron Powers, James Atwater & Don Mitchell
4:30-5:30 pm	Reading by Robert Houston & Carole Oles
8:15 pm	Reading by Donald Justice

STAFF READINGS: A real treat ... Wednesday and Thursday (tonight and tomorrow -- catch on?) beginning at approximately 9:15 p.m., Barn West. Tonight's lineup of hotshots: Carl Stach, Jennifer Bates, Philip Gerard, Michael Laba, Woody Woodsum, Kristen Lindquist, Dan Elish, Stacey Chase and Blue Argo. Be there, aloha!

YOU TOO CAN BECOME A MILLIONAIRE! The library is pleased to announce the return of the annual Literary Quotation Contest. Anyone is eligible. If you can identify the day's quote, as seen in these pages:

- 1.Run on the lovely new sidewalk to the library
- 2.Locate the book from which the quote has been lifted
- 3.If you are correct, you will find the lucky bookmark
- 4.Present the lucky bookmark to the librarian and ...

CLAIM YOUR PRIZE (which will not be anything grossly material but, nonetheless, something to cherish; a fond memory, perhaps).

#### TODAY'S QUOTE:

"That night I was able to understand how I, too, had been happy,' Ivan Ivanich went on, getting up. 'I, too, at meals or out hunting, used to lay down the law about living, and religion, and governing the masses. I, too, used to say that teaching is light, that education is necessary, but that for simple folk reading and writing is enough for the present..."

STORMY WEATHER has caused the Bread Loaf phone lines to be damaged. Contributors please use pay phones only (three in the Inn, by laundromat and in Barn West).

FOR THE FITNESS-MINDED and other freaks of Nature: Middlebury College has opened a new fitness center with treadmills, bikes, moving stairs, rowing machines, weights and other instruments of torture. Your Bread Loaf ID will get you in. (Oxygen and B-12 shots not included.)

NE PARKEZ-PAZ IN FRONT OF THE INN or your car will be fodder for the lumber trucks on Route 125 and you will be hunted down and turned over to the Thought Police in Room 101.



PINCH HITTER: Leslie Adrienne Miller, author of No River, is the new Stanley Young Fellow in Poetry, replacing Marie Howe, who cannot attend.

WOODY TO BE LETTERMAN GUEST ... if only he can find enough performing corks for his cork circus (the only one in the world -- Can you guess why?). All Bread Loafers with performing corks should submit them for inclusion in the Woodhead's road show. Leave corks at the Front Desk or on the Crumb box but, please, all corks must be on a leash!

THE QUEEN TO READ! Informed sources have leaked the identity of Friday afternoon's Mystery Reader. In a fit of snobesse oblige, hotel queen and alleged tax evader Leona Hemsley will read from her new collection of memoirs, Only the Little People Pay Taxes.

H & R Plot Tips for Poems:

Tip #91 A poet sees a flea and thinks about sex.

Tip #16 A poet sees a louse crawling on a girl's bonnet and thinks about sex.

Tip #72 A poet hears a fly buzz and thinks about sex.

ATTENTION MOON-DOGGIES AND OTHER LUNATICS OF THE FRINGE ... One of the last total lunar eclipses visible from New England in the 20th century will happen TONIGHT! The show begins at 9:21 p.m.; roughly at the opening of the staff readings. We know you'll make the right choice. The moon begins to move into the shadow of the Earth at that time and by 10:20 p.m., the whole moon will be covered by the shadow. The moon will still be visible, but will be a dark, blood-red color. Interpret this as you will.

By Donald Justice

SEAWIND: A SONG

Seawind, you rise  
From the night waves below,  
Not that we see you come and go,  
But as the blind know things we know  
And feel you on our face,  
And all you are  
Or ever were is space,  
Seawind, come from so far,  
To fill us with this restlessness  
That will outlast your own--  
So the figtree,  
When you are gone,  
Seawind, still bends and leans out toward the sea  
And goes on blossoming alone.

after Rilke

REMINDER: All conference reception on West Lawn by Inn after the Houston/Oles reading at approximately 5:30 pm.



"The artist, like the God of the creation, remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails."

— James Joyce

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Vol. 64, No. 3

THE CRUMB!

Thursday, Aug. 17, 1989

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BREAD LOAF: THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES today in the Little Theatre. Here's how it all stacks up:

9-10 a.m.	Lecture by Marvin Bell
10:10-11:10 a.m.	Lecture by Nicholas Delbanco ("Judgement")
11:20-12:20 p.m.	Talk by literary agent John Pickering
2-3:30 p.m.	Discussion groups
4:30-5:30 p.m.	Readings by Margot Livesy & Richard Jackson
8:15 p.m.	Reading by Nancy Willard

WALKERS & JOGGERS: If you must walk or jog along Route 125, please wear bright clothing and move facing traffic. CRUMB! outdoor editor Biff Loman recommends the arbored paths of campus for such pursuits, but if you yearn for the thrill of traffic please BE ALERT!

WHERE TO GO: Discussion group locations. Check the bulletinboard outside the dining hall to find out which group you should attend (we can only assist you so far). Groups meet today at 2 p.m.

\*\*Marvin Bell -- Barn classroom 6 (2nd floor)  
Rosellen Brown -- Barn classroom 2  
Nick Delbanco -- Library (2nd floor)  
David Huddle -- Barn classroom 5  
Donald Justice -- Library (1st floor)  
Bill Matthews/Bob Pack -- Treman livingroom  
Tim O'Brien -- Barn classroom 1  
Linda Pastan -- Blue Parlor  
Ron Powers -- Barn West  
Lore Segal -- Library (basement)  
Ellen Bryant Voigt -- Tamarack livingroom  
Nancy Willard -- Barn classroom 4  
Hilma Wolitzer -- Barn classroom 3

MOON DOGGLE, or WHEN THE STAFF READINGS WILL REALLY BE HELD ...  
So the eclipse wouldn't eclipse us, staff readings had to be taken to the edge. The staff will read tonight and Friday night in Barn West, starting about 9:15 p.m. Tonight's stars: "Gentle" Ben Reynolds, Jennifer "Motel" Bates, "Dugout" Doug Kincade, "Just Plain" Beth Weatherby, Jud "For the Defense" Mitcham, "Sly" Sydney Landon, Leslie Dauer and Blue "Velvet" Argo.

Leading off on Friday will be Carl "Terminator" Stach, followed by Diann Shoaf, Philip "Jake" Gerard, Michael Laba, Dan Robb, Kristen Linquist, Dan Elish, Stacey "Chaser" Chase and Woody Woodsum.

ALL YOU DUDES AND DUDESSES ... This just in from the Social Staff: This Friday afternoon, Aug. 18, the afternoon reading by Don Axinn and Sharon Stark will be followed by an All-Conference Cocktail Party on the lawn behind the Little Theatre. Festivities start at 5:30 p.m. Drinks, virgin drinks and munchies will be provided. In case of rain? Go to the barn.

REWRITING HISTORY? Historical novelists will meet Friday at 3:10 p.m. in the Barn West. Be there, or contact Paula Robbins, Box 2332.

TODAY'S QUOTE (Actually, it's a poem)  
WHY PIGS CANNOT WRITE POEMS

Pigs cannot write poems because  
Nothing rhymes with oink. If you  
Think you can find a rhyme, I'll pause,



But if I wait until you do,  
I'll have forgotten why it was  
Pigs cannot write poems because.

(Buckaroos, there is no lucky bookmark on this one, so we'll  
give you a hint: the poet is not Bill Matthews but is a  
former Bread Loaf director.)

PAGING DOCTOR HOWARD, DOCTOR HOWARD, DOCTOR FINE ... WHAT AILS BIG BOB REISS?  
Novelist, explorer, journalist, adventurer, madcap solider of fortune  
and raffish bon vivant Bob Reiss recently returned from a two month  
sojourn in the swampish depths of the Amazon Basin with a mysterious  
illness. He would like your help in making a diagnosis (exception:  
Tim O'Brien), so dust off your PDR's and your souvenir M\*A\*S\*H doctor  
kits and listen up. Symptoms include: palpebral palpitations, dilated  
pupils, pupillated dimples, palpated dactyls, undisputed pimples,  
fascinatin' rhythm and an insatiable appetite for Susan Sontag books.  
Is that love, or what? Says Big Bob of the slithy denizens of that  
horticultural Heart of Darkness where he picked up the bug, "They  
got creatures down there that'll suck your foot off and lick you right  
down to the stick -- and that's just in the cities."

P.S. As soon as Big Bob regains the 3/8ths of a pound he lost  
trekking through the Amazon muck, he's off on a new adventure: stalking  
the elusive Yeti through the seamy waterfront bars of Hoboken, N.J.  
Bring 'em back alive, Bob!

WINSOME WOODSUM WANTS MORE CORKS ... We weren't kidding -- the Woody Woodsum  
Performing Cork Circus really is a contender for Letterman. So round  
up those trained corks and herd 'em on up to the Front Desk, pronto.

MADRIGALS will rehearse in the Barn from 7:30-8:30 p.m. every weeknight.

FOUND: Toyota car key (on lawn behind Maple). Claim at the Front Desk.

OVERHEARD:

In the Barn: "I don't do pants."

At Treman: "Ten years ago, I would have voted for Al Haig for President..."

In the Little Theatre: "What's lying on the bed is breathing."

By Nancy Willard

IN WHICH, BY GOOD LUCK, I LOSE NEARLY EVERYTHING

Dreaming of Bread, I dreamed of you,  
how night after night we wrestled for joy.  
Now leaf by leaf you are letting me go.

Some night may I be able to meet  
you without hunger,  
having forgotten the shine

and the taste of you.

THE CRUMB! welcomes submissions, signed or unsigned. There is a box  
outside the administrative office for your words of whimsy.

IT'S TICKET CITY if you don't get your car off Route 125 and into the  
parking lot. You have been warned.



"The repeated reminder of Mr. Pound: that poetry should be as well written as prose."

--T.S. Eliot

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THE CRUMB!

Vol. 64, No. 4

Friday, Aug. 18, 1989

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DAYLIGHT IN THE SWAMP! Roll out of the sack and hit the ground running kids, 'cause we've got a lot to do today. To wit:

9-10 a.m.	Lecture by David Huddle
10:10-11:10 am	Lecture by Lore Segal
11:20-12:20 pm	Readings by Fellows: Joseph Duemer, Stuart Stevens & Jean McGarry
2-3 pm	MYSTERY READER
4:30-5:30 pm	Readings by Donald Axinn & Sharon Sheehe Stark
8:15 pm	Reading by Nicholas Delbanco

COCKTAILS AND VIRGINS ON THE LAWN behind the Little Theatre after the Axinn/Stark reading at 5:30 pm. Come as you are, or as you'd like to be. Social staff will do the rest, but can't guarantee good weather. In case of rain, go to the Barn.

TO THE WRITER IN SEARCH OF A PUBLISHER ... no kidding, Sandy MacDonald, free-lance writer, contributing editor of New England Monthly and Parenting and noted translator will arrive today. Ms. MacDonald "daylights" as Houghton Mifflin's Manuscript Submissions Coordinator and will be glad to offer first-hand advice on how to survive the slushpile. She will talk informally at a time and place to be announced.

YOU THOUGHT THE FUN WAS OVER, but Staff Readings continue tonight at Barn West, starting at 9:30 pm. Tonight's heavy hitters: Carl Stach, Diann Shoaf, Philip Gerard, Michael Laba, Dan Robb, Kristen Lindquist, Dan Elish, Stacey Chase, and the ever-popular Woody Woodsum.

QUOTE OF THE DAY: "Besides the neutral expression that she wore when she was alone, Mrs. Freeman had two others, forward and reverse, that she used for all other human dealings."

(Hint: This from the same writer who once claimed there are no rules in fiction -- you can do whatever you can get away with; but nobody has ever gotten away with much.)

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THE LUNAR ECLIPSE brought all the crazies out onto the lawn Wednesday night to bay at the moon, sing showtunes, chase down rabid doxies, and generally whoop it up. CRUMB! literary editor Virginia Woof was deluged this morning with poems, fiction and reportage concerning lunacy. She has culled the following from the dreck and offers it as a meditation on many youths misspent. So, without further ado, on to the Lighthouse!

—From "The Things They Eclipsed" by Timbo Brine:

"It was a bad time. The reading was over, the power was off, the sun was down, and the fat white moon was snuffed out like Frenchie Tucker on the field of battle. So they carried it. It weighed twelve and a quarter pounds ... "

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"E-clipse" (a pome) by Ray Bob Bodacious:

The moon is a big red ripe termater  
Purty as a pitcher of yer dead Granma  
Blinkin' red like the eye of a big bull gator  
Looks like ... Prom Night in Arkansas.

\*-\*-\*

"Ecliptical Pauses" by Lily Ann Bradley Whitestreet MacComber Swartington-Smyth:  
They say ...paper moon...cardboard sky...  
shining...make-believe...but...  
you...in me....



LUNACY (cont'd)

"Eclipse: What Really Happened to the Moon Over the Mountain" by Bernie Woodstein:

(UPS) Informed sources close to the Pentagon have denied that entombed Soviet leader I.V. Lenin (or his head) appeared over the Green Mountains of Vermont Wednesday. The eerie red glow apparently was allegedly either the Ghost of Christmas past or a grim reminder of the tasks still to face the new Administration in the wake of a rising tide of senseless gang violence. One thing is certain: More study is required.

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"Because I Could Not See the Moon: by Emmylou Dickinson

Because I could not see the moon  
I don't think he saw me  
The Clouds that covered up his face  
Were stright from Tennessee

I like to see them lap the moon  
Like big rigs runnin' free  
My prison sweetheart's dreamin''bout  
The truck he left with me.

WILL THE MYSTERY READER ENTER AND SIGN IN PLEASE? Who will be our 2 o'clock mystery guest? Guess correctly by 11 am today at the main office and win a genuine Andrea's Laminated Bread Loaf Bookmark.

Clue: A recent book by this writer could be paraphrased "Oedipal Reveries."

CHECKBOOK LOST! CALLING ALL CARS! If you have found Barbara Preminger's checkbook (dark brown cover), please return it pronto to the Front Desk. We'll turn off the lights and ask no questions ...

OVERHEARD:

...on the lunacy lawn: "So, what're you doing after the eclipse?"  
"This pickup truck has wall-to-wall  
breasts."

"My mom and dad once drove all the way to  
Las Vegas just to see Wayne Newton."  
"He's got a low threshold of expertise."

...on the barn road: "When I wear my red pants, I'll let you  
tie me up."

...at the lawn party: "...our goal is to discover and penetrate  
virgin passage."

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From "You Can Use My Name," a story by Nicholas Delbanco

Adam and Richard grew close. It was a two-minute drive or six-minute bike ride to campus; on clear days, they walked. They took the same fiction workshop and admired the same books. All that fall they argued principles of narrative, anachrony, synesthesia, parataxis, and the fallacy of imitative form. "The eighth type of ambiguity," Richard would declare. "That's what we're after, isn't it? The one Empson never dreamed of is the one we're living out. Enacting."

"Which one's that?"

Richard dropped his head and lowered his glasses and assumed his mock-professorial accent. "The eight variety of ambiguity. Dot's simple, boychik, don't you know nuzzink? It's when the writer doesn't know what in hell he's up to. Why he's writing, or who for."

"For whom."

Richard had an ear for accent and Adam an eye for grammer; between the two of them they licked the platter clean. Syntax is the art of subjugation, they agreed; it's knowing what depends on, is subordinate to what."

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OLDIES DANCE TO ROCK BARN Saturday night after Bob Pack's reading. Bebop and shu-wop and sock hop to your heart's content. Details in tomorrow's CRUMB!



"The superior man understands what is right; the inferior man understands what will sell."

--Confucius

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THE CRUMB!

Vol. 64, No. 4

Saturday, Aug. 19, 1989

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GOOD MORNING CAMPERS! Volleyball in the quad at 5 a.m. followed by a twelve-mile run uphill. You'll hit the wall about Monday and shift into psycho-motor overdrive. Meantime, there's still lots to do ...

9-10 am	Lecture by Donald Justice
10:10-11:10 am	Lecture by Nancy Willard
11:20-12:20 pm	Editors' Panel: David Godine (Godine), James Landis (Morrow) & Carol Houck Smith (Norton)
2-3:30 pm	Discussion groups (same locations as on Thursday)
4:30-5:30 pm	Reading by David Huddle
8:15 pm	Reading by Robert Pack

QUOTE OF THE DAY:

"My Life, my foot! The publisher says put it on the front burner, stir, stir, stir--taste for spice. If not enough add little bits--minced apocrypha. Taste? Debatable. Haste."

LOST LION: A lion head pin was lost on the lawn Wednesday. The owner would very much like to have it back, so if you've found it, please return it to the Front Desk. Your reward will be a slow dance with Carl Stach at the Barn bash.

EDITORS' CREDENTIALS:

David Godine is the founder of David R. Godine Publishers Inc.  
James Landis is publisher and editor-in-chief of William Morrow & Co. Inc.  
Carol Houck Smith is vice president of W.W. Norton & Co.

FIRST CHANCE DANCE TONIGHT at the Barn. Wear your blue suede shoes and your bobby sox and come cut a rug to the best of R & B, Motown and good ol' rock'n'roll, starting at about 9:30 p.m. Beer, wine and soda will be on hand courtesy of the Social Staff. If crowds and noise and frantic fun wear you out, there will be a quieter gathering in the Blue Parlor -- ice, mixers and cups provided, but BYOB.

OVERHEARD:

... At breakfast: "So, when do they start eating women's bodies?"

... On the porch: (About revivalist religion) "He went from submersion to a vasectomy."

... On the path: "God is the great voyeur."

... In the barn: "Do you know where I can get any drunk sex?"

ANOTHER PLUG for Woody Woodsum's Cork Circus. The Woodman tells the CRUMB! that he is almost within reach of one of his lifelong ambitions: to appear on Late Night with David Letterman, but he needs your help. So pop him one.



BABY BEN CONTEST: The CRUMB! has learned that Ben & Andie are about to name their about-to-be-born "Nighttrain." To save the child from a fate worse than "Westclock" or "Wrap," we are turning to you. Please send submissions to the CRUMB! box.

MIX & MATCH your favorite poet with his or her listing in George Garrett's "A Field Guide to American Poets." Your reward will be eternal.

- |                     |   |
|---------------------|---|
| 1) Hayden Carruth   | a) Raging Bull of American Poetry       |
| 2) Erica Jong       | b) Cheech and Chong of American Poetry  |
| 3) William Matthews | c) Christie Brinkley of American Poetry |
| 4) Czeslaw Milosz   | d) Wyatt Earp of American Poetry        |
| 5) John Updike      | e) Bernadette Devlin of American Poetry |
| 6) David St. John   | f) Dolly Parton of American Poetry      |
| 7) Gregory Orr      | g) Lawrence Welk of American Poetry     |
| 8) Tess Gallaher    | h) Fred Astaire of American Poetry      |
| 9) Carolyn Forché   | i) Mr. Whipple of American Poetry       |

SO CLOSE, YET SO SAFARI . . . Pooh-poohing rumors that his famous safari jacket was lifted by media-crazed souvenir hunters enroute to Third World brushfires, former network talking head Ron Powers, author of White House Browsing, announced today from his condominium in Lincoln Gap that the garment, also known as a "CBS jacket" and more prosaically a "Bush jacket," has earned a permanent berth in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., alongside such classic clothing as Adlai Stevenson's left sock, Nikita Khrushchev's right shoe, and the BVD's Babe Ruth bought but never wore. The jacket reeks of experience, having been worn by Powers at Dien Bien Phu, Kan Kat Fud, the Second Bull Run, and Bill Matthews' third birthday party (when he didn't get the pony). "We're just tickled to have it," said a senior Smithsonian official who requested anonymity. "It stands right up there in the showcase all by itself. And you should see what we found in the pockets . . . ." Commented Powers, wearing a silk blazer by Givenchy, "I'm into the Don Johnson thing now anyway." Look for him to replace Morton Downey, Jr., in the fall lineup.

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Excerpt -- "Outlasting You," By Robert Pack

"...like a commanding scepter  
in my hand, I try deliberately now  
to dream your liberating dream  
of the encompassing abyss, of how,  
at last, you sang out to the stars.  
Though soon, my friend, it will not matter who  
preceded whom, tonight  
at home I cannot follow you

unfathomably light  
in thought embracing the indifferent air.  
With my grief's No upon my lips,  
appalled because you summoned me to dare

to make peace with the dark that lasts  
so everlasting long,  
I'm earthbound with good-bye, but bless you for  
the starlight beauty of your song.

c (6)  
e (8)  
a (7)  
b (6)  
h (5)  
g (4)  
d (3)  
f (2)  
i (1)

MIX & MATCH ANSWERS:



"Look sharply after your thoughts. They come unlooked for, like a new bird seen on your trees, and, if you turn to your usual task, disappear; and you shall never find that perception again; never, I say -- but perhaps years, ages, and I know not what events and worlds may lie between you and its return!"

--Emerson

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THE CRUMB!

Vol. 64, No. 5

Sunday, Aug. 20, 1989

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NAPTIME ON THE PONDEROSA-- AT LAST A BREAK IN THE SLEEP DEPRIVATION EXPERIMENT

You were all starting to look pretty gamey and stagger around from reading to reading like the walking undead from some low-budget slasher film, so the Staff got together and pleaded with Bob Pack to give you the day off. He was against the idea until CRUMB literary editor Virginia Woof offered to name him The Ty Cobb of American Poetry, whether George Garrett likes it or not. So relax, put your feet up, for pete's sake do some of that ripe laundry in the bottom of your closet, then stretch out and take a nap on the lawn. But rise and shine by the afternoon reading, or we'll take away your coffee again.

SCHEDULE:

4:30 pm

Reading by Ellen Bryant Voigt

8:15 pm

Reading by Hilma Wolitzer

THEY DO RUN RUN-- The Annual Bread Loaf Writers' Cramp Race will start promptly at 10 am this morning outside Larch on the Barn Road-- a 5 k race for serious runners and a 5 k fun jog for the rest of us wheezing rubber-legged washouts. A perfect way to sweat out the demons from last night's revelry. Prizes will be awarded for First Woman, First Man, and for first finishers in genres not represented by other winners (you figure it out). In last year's race, the women ran right over the men, so c'mon, guys, show a little staying power this time out.

FYODOR'S GUIDE TO VERMONT . . . CRUMB travel editor Fyodor Tolstoyesky offers the following tips for those restless spirits who want to see a bit of the countryside: "First, if you must drive, take a car. The Shelburne Museum of Americana is a good bet-- collections of collections that rival Woody Woodsum's performing cork herd. Front Desk has details, along with maps to places such as Charlotte, Burlington, and Grand Isle, where the enlightened traveler can catch a cheap and pleasant excursion ferry to New York (the boonies, not Manhattan). If the legs haven't gone yet, you can hike up Bread Loaf Mountain; or you can combine driving and hiking to Texas Falls, Lake Plead, and Lake Dunmore. Ask the locals for the poop."

Caution: When driving these twisty narrow roads, keep your eyes peeled for bicyclists, who are attracted to these tortuous hills for their own dark reasons-- share the road. Remember, too, that game and livestock are plentiful and can't read signs, even well-written ones.

Best bet: Check out the General Store in Warren (Route 100) for fresh baked goods and deli treats-- dine on a patio deck overlooking an authentic Vermont creek.

NOT ENOUGH LITERARY ACTIVITY WHERE YOU LIVE? W. Scott Olsen, Director of the Northlight Writers' Association in Minneapolis, MN, will speak informally today at 3:30 in Barn West about starting new projects such as journals, workshops, conferences, networks (chain letters, pyramid investment schemes, mercenary incursions . . .).

DUMBWAITER PROMOTED: Carl Stach, Bread Loaf's bi-genric HeadWaiter, was promoted Thursday to Le Cochon Premier by corporate troubleshooter Blue Argo. Responded Stach to the unsolicited honor, "You know, it's nice that someone has finally recognized me for the swine that I am." Stach was last seen rooting on the Tamarack Lawn.

ONE-LINE NOVEL:

"Daisy honey, do you mind driving home?"



QUOTE OF THE DAY:

"Well, if you flattered the powerful,  
the courtier spat back, you wouldn't be  
touting cabbages, buried to their necks & born  
in rows like slaves."

MADRIGALS AVAUNT! The optional rehearsal today for the Madrigal Singers will begin at 4 pm in Earthworm Manor. Please note the time change.

SCHOLARS TO READ . . . tonight at @ 9:15 pm in Barn West. Tonight's cast: Walter Mosely, Michelle Boisseau, Donna Trussell, Sheila Dietz Bonenberger, Michael Taylor, Joyce Renwick, and Brian McCormick. Tomorrow night the adventure continues with Mary Grimm, Lucia Getsi, Chris Spain, Dina Coe, Monty Leitch, David Tammer, and Susan Holahan. This year's crop of scholars is indeed an exceptional crew, and the reading promises to be lively and special. Treat yourself.

BABY BEN CONTEST OFF TO A SLOW START. So far we have only one entry in the baby-naming sweepstakes. One reader suggests either Abu Ben Ahdem . . . or Bernadette (Don't ask us what scaly demons inhabit the mind that invented such monickers-- but send us your suggestions anyhow).

ADVICE FROM AN AGENT: "If you're going to sell a collection of short stories, at least pretend to the agent you're going to write a novel."

CONTRIBUTORS TO READ . . . today at 2 p.m. on Cherry porch. Those interested in reading for 10-15 minutes should sign up at the Office.

LIPS ON A STICK: Sax-sucking, flute-toting, harmonica-howling T.R. Hummer and Rick "The Mouth" Jackson are now taking orders for this fabulous new product, initially designed to enable a short mother to buss a sleeping son on an upper bunk. Application at Bread Loaf should be obvious. Any questions? See Carl Stach in the woods behind the barn after dark.

OVERHEARD:

- . . . at Treman: "Was that Carl Stach or a truck?"
- . . . at the Barn: "You eat a cricket, you're not happy."
- . . . over dinner: "I often prefer the company of my baby over my husband."
- . . . on the Inn porch: "You're asking me? I'd say men."

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Excerpt from Silver by Hilma Wolitzer

"But what is sweeter or more absurd than first sex? Something hurts a little, but you can't complain, not even if your arm falls into numbness under his weight. The springs are noisy, your bellies slap, and then get sucked together with sweat. Sweat, spittle, scum! A minute ago you were vertical and dressed and deodorant-dry. It's worse for the woman, I thought, who has to coax the man to rising and guide him in. Like trying to open a door while you're carrying a tray. And it's worse for the man, who has to direct the flow of his own blood, and whose watch glows and ticks like a bomb at your ear, and catches the hair on the back of your neck."



"'Poetry,' he said, 'has been to me much like horses. Though I was often cheated in consequence, I never enjoyed critically appraising a horse, walking around it, feeling its hocks, looking at its teeth, and then seeing other people ride it. A horse meant little to me until I could feel it under me, between my thighs, swing with the rhythm of its gaits, rise over fences with it, and lean over its neck in the exhilaration of its galloping vigor.'"

---Hans Zinsser

THE CRUMB!

Vol. 64, No. 6

Monday, August 21, 1989

PULL YOURSELVES TOGETHER, GET WITH THE PROGRAM, AND PUT IT IN GEAR-- 'Cause we're on for the long haul. You thought you heard it all last week, but you ain't seen nuttin' yet. Now we enter Phase II, so beam us up, Spock, and tell Scottie to give us warp speed . . .

9- 10 am	Lecture by Linda Pastan
10:10-11:10 am	Lecture by Ron Powers
11:20- 12:20 pm	Readings by Fellows: Frank Gaspar, Leslie Adrienne Miller, & Rick Bass
4:30-5:30 pm	Readings by Richard Hawley & Ann Hood
8:15 pm	Reading by Marvin Bell

SCHOLARS TO READ AGAIN! The second batch of scholars will read in Barn West at around 9:15 pm tonight, including Mary Grimm, Lucia Getsi, Chris Spain, Dina Coe, Monty Leitch, David Tammer, and Susan Holahan. No duds in this bunch, so don't miss 'em.

WORKSHOP SKINNY--- Tonight after dinner pick up materials for tomorrow's workshops from the table in the hallway outside the administrative office. You are welcome to attend any workshop, but, as they all meet at the same time, it is only possible to go to one. Please take materials only for the workshop you plan to attend, or there won't be enough to go around. Tomorrow's workshopers will be Donald Justice, Hilma Wolitzer, Tim O'Brien, William Matthews/ Robert Pack, Nancy Willard, and Nicholas Delbanco.

D. Justice	. . . . . Barn West
H. Wolitzer	. . . . . Barn 2
T. O'Brien	. . . . . Barn 1
W. Matthews/ R. Pack	. . . Barn 3
N. Willard	. . . . . Barn 4
N. Delbanco	. . . . . Barn 6

AGENT IN SEARCH OF CLIENTS . . . No kidding-- Marisa Smith of Smith & Kraus, Inc., Literary Agents, arrives at Bread Loaf today to scout the talent. She has recently sold books to Fine, Little Brown, and McGraw-Hill. If you want to learn how, attend her informal talk on authors and agents, time and place to be announced.

SO, YOU WANT TO WRITE FOR THE SLICKS . . . Lisa Bain, formerly senior editor for Esquire and now senior articles editor for Glamour, will informally address the etiquette, business, and art of writing for magazines today in the Blue Parlor. Here's your chance to meet a topnotch editor who has handled some of the best writers in the trade-- don't blow it.

ONE-LINE NOVEL:

"Penelope? Honey? I'm going out for awhile."

OVERHEARD

. . . at the Inn: "So, exactly what do you hope to accomplish at the dance?"  
. . . on the Birch porch: "Man, I've either got to quit smoking, or walk less."  
. . . on the lawn: "I don't read poetry-- I write it."



CRUMBY EDITORIAL: We at the Crumb apologize if we offended anyone with George Garrett's silly labels of American Poets. Our intention was to make fun of Garrett's shallow pigeonholing and amuse you over your coffee. We are not writing for the ages. Think of us as The National Enquirer of American newspapers . . . .

RECORD TIME: Despite the rains on the plains, Chris Spain sprinted to a new record of 19 minutes and 22 seconds in the annual Writers' Cramp Race. His prize is a private reading of David Baker's poems, where wet is the word. Dan Robb sloshed in second, followed by Sarah Messer--the first woman to finish the race and redeem Womanhood. Burt Hirschhorn gets the Prize for Running Awry. Hirschhorn ran a good race, the CRUMB! was told, though his directionals led him down the road not taken. Chris "Cheetah" Merrill took a flagged fourth-place, followed by Marie Lee and Stanley Bates, who was the only non-fictionite brave enough to run.

REJECTION LETTERS FROM HELL:

Dear Mr. Gazorninplatt,

Enclosed please find your returned manuscript novel, I Never Swang for My Father. In answer to your query, yes, we do think 3,543 pages is too long. Also we are sorry to report that we are already bringing out another Kurdish circus-family saga, and they too are trapeze artists. Indeed the plot is similar to your own, and yours would merely constitute competition with our own list. Try us again when shrimps learn to whistle.

Dear Mr. Gazorninplatt,

Enclosed please find your returned ms. Who were the other two chimps?

Dear Mr. Gazorninplatt,

If that is your name. The joke's gone too far, pal. The phone calls in the middle of the night, the leering face at the bedroom window, the faxed dental charts . . . We've turned your ms. over to the FBI, the ATF, and the MLA. . . .

NAMIN' BABY: Ben & Andie can put away those Name-Your-Baby books, the CRUMB! is being besieged with suggestions on what to name Baby Ben. Among our favorites: Clotton, Meltiah, Weedy and Fluff.

QUOTE OF THE DAY:

"Light the first light of evening, as in a room  
in which we rest and, for small reason, think  
the world imagined in the ultimate good."

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THE NEST, a poem by Marvin Bell (excerpted)

You understand, I was given no choice.  
For a long time, I was tired of whatever it was  
that dug its way into my shoulders for balance  
and whispered in my ears, and hang on for dear life  
among tall narrow spaces in the woods  
and in thickets and crowds, like those of success,  
with whom one mingles at parties and in lecture halls.  
In the beginning, there was this or that . . .  
but always on my shoulders that which had landed.



"'I wish poets would be clearer!' shouted my wife angrily from the next room.

"Hers is a universal longing. We would all like it if the bards would make themselves plain, or we think we would. The poets, however, are not easily diverted from their high mysterious ways. A poet dares to be just so clear and no clearer; he approaches lucid ground warily, like a mariner who is determined not to scrape his bottom on anything solid. . . ."

-- E.B. White

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THE CRUMB!

Vol. 64, No. 7

Tuesday, Aug. 22, 1989

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ROUND UP THE USUAL SUSPECTS--- We've got lots to do today. You older children help the younger ones read their schedules and find the right rooms. Meanwhile the Thought Police will be rousting the bottom feeders out of Cherry and Gilmore and the Box. Here's how it stacks up:

9- 11 am	Workshops:	D. Justice . . . . . Barn West
		H. Wolitzer . . . . . Barn 2
		T. O'Brien . . . . . Barn 1
		W. Matthews/ R. Pack . . . . Barn 3
		N. Willard . . . . . Barn 4
		N. Delbanco . . . . . Barn 6
11:15 am- 12:15 pm	Readings by Fellows:	Phillis Levin, Sue Rosowski, & Jane LeCompte
2- 3 pm	Lecture by	Ellen Bryant Voigt
4:30- 5:30 pm	Readings by	Bob Reiss and Carol Frost
3:15 pm	Reading by	Rosellen Brown

QUOTE OF THE DAY:

"Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, she thinks, and calls upon the famous Misfits, upon centaurs and satyrs and chimeras, upon dragons and griffins and hydras and wyverns. Upon the basilisk, the salamander, and the infrequent unicorn.  
"And upon, at last, a lame and tainted Mickey Mouse."

Hint: The author is a former Bread Loaf novelist whose works include a rather outrageous novel set in heaven and hell.

TIME TO PUT ON THE DOG . . . for the all-conference cocktail party after the Reiss/Frost reading today, approximately 5:30 pm; at the Larch Well. Now's the time to trot out that slinky backless number you've been hoarding all week. And ladies, you can dress up too.

ONE-LINE NOVEL:

"For pete's sake, Hester, carpe diem-- who's gonna know?"

REISS TO SCUTTLE HOBOKEN EXPEDITION-- (UPS) CRUMB travel editor D.B. Cooper has learned that Big Bob Reiss, the rambunctious renegade reporter who brought you Saltshaker (Harrowing Tales of a Briny Religious Sect) and Some Are Fires, the case history of false alarms in Weetamoe Hollow, Ark., has put the kibosh on plans to lasso a yeti in waterfront Hoboken, N.J. Says Reiss of the unexpected news, "Sure, I've played mumblety-peg with the man who shot Juan Valdez, and ridden Amtrak all the way from Washington to Wilmington, Delaware. But darn it, some things are just foolhardy. My man Ramar scouted the area last week and we decided there were just too many places for the elusive yeti to hide in Hoboken. In those bars, he'd never even be recognized." Big Bob is reportedly mounting a new expedition, this time to Aspen, Co., in search of a related snow-beast that is noted for its habit of stalling reporters. "It's not exactly a Bigfoot, and not exactly an Abominable Snowman," explains Reiss. "We're calling it simply the Not-Yeti."

OVERHEARD

. . . in Treman: "While my friends and I are taking a caesura on the lawn, we like a can of Poetry Lite."

. . . at the salad bar: "The best thing about being at Bread Loaf is that you can brush your teeth after every meal."

. . . in Barn West: "Would you be willing to knead my buttocks if I bent over? I'll do yours."



DINING ROOM SCHOLARS: Those hard-working waiters and waitresses will be serving up some fine poultry, friction and non-friction, so don't be late or the bell will toll for you tonight and Wednesday night at approximately 9:15 p.m. in Barn West. On tonight's menu: Jeff Mock, Johanna de Guzman, Sarah Messer, Andy Dahlstrom, Susan Conley, Paul Doiron, Valerie Russell, David Hamilton, Joan Lownds, Kevin Walker, Temma Ehrenfeld, Blair Hobbs, and Yolanda Barnes.

CONTRIBUTORS' READINGS to continue today and Wednesday from 3:10-4:30 p.m. in Barn West.

ALL QUIET ON THE MOUNTAIN FRONT ... that's what we need. Porch parties are proliferating and, when extended beyond midnight, are often provoking people trying to sleep. Enjoy the porches, but please keep the revelry under control.

FINAL BANQUET ... Our farewell dinner will offer a choice of entree: prime rib, grilled salmon or linguini in cream sauce. If you want the salmon or linguini, you MUST sign up at the Front Desk and receive a ticket, which you must present to your waiter or waitress at dinner. If your name does not appear for salmon or linguini, we'll assume you want prime rib. Deadline for sign ups -- Thursday at noon. Be sure you are sure, we can't make changes.

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--from Civil Wars, a novel by Rosellen Brown

Women in groups had always, in her life, had a special purpose, they did not "hang out," nor did they coffee-klatsch. Her mother's friends conspired, however poorly. They planned meetings, they divided up flyers and stood pressing them into passing hands on cold winter street corners. Sitting at a table they grimly analyzed degrees of commitment, of political treachery, and so on and on, and all their personal talk seeped around the edges in a constant lubricating flow. In college her friends had done the same except for the more massive layer of hopeful sexual innuendo that got analyzed as well. And then, Mississippi. They might not have stuck to the point, she thought, but the point hovered and cast its organizing shadow: they clustered around it, chose sides, wore themselves out on earnestness and sat down together to regain their strength and have some reviving laughter. Women who lounged and chatted and laughed without a program, whoever they might be, were as unfamiliar to Jessie as a fish might be, confronted over a coffeepot.

-----TEAR-----TEAR-----TEAR-----TEAR-----TEAR-----

If you are leaving Bread Loaf before Sunday, please advise the personnel at the Front Desk so we can adjust meal planning accordingly.

For others of you, we need to begin to schedule taxis for airport/bus runs on Sunday, so please confirm your flight/bus information and tear off this slip and return it to the Front Desk promptly.

I am leaving Bread Loaf on Sunday, Aug. 27 and need a ride to the \_\_\_\_\_ (airport/bus station). My name is \_\_\_\_\_, and I am staying in \_\_\_\_\_ (name of building); my room no. is \_\_\_\_\_.

My flight is No. \_\_\_\_\_, departing at \_\_\_\_\_ and the airline is \_\_\_\_\_.

—OR—

My bus leaves Middlebury at \_\_\_\_\_.

(Please fill out all the information for your trip by either air or bus, if we didn't need it all, we wouldn't ask for it.)



"Man, a hybrid of plant and ghost."  
--- Nietzsche

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THE CRUMB!

Vol. 64, No. 8

Wednesday, Aug. 23, 1989

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LOCK AND LOAD, DOGFACES-- WE'VE GOT A BIG DAY AHEAD. Five-meter spread and no talking. Littlejohn, take the point. Kirby, put out that cigarette. Let's move out!

Schedule: 9- 11 am	Workshops	L. Segal . . . . . Barn 3
		R. Brown . . . . . Barn 2
		R. Powers . . . . . Barn 1
		M. Bell . . . . . Barn West
		D. Huddle . . . . . Barn 6

SOME OF YOU IN THE BACK ARE NOT DOING YOUR HOMEWORK . . . so please stay after class. Pick up workshop material the night before and read it carefully so you'll have something intelligent to say about it. Also, if you wait till the day of, we may be out of that particular manuscript. And yes, it will all be on the final exam.

11:15 am- 12:15 pm	Panel on Little Magazines: T.R. Hummer, Hilda Raz, & Rick Jackson
2- 3 pm	Lecture by William Matthews
4:30- 5:30 pm	Readings by Tom Gavin & Paul Mariani
8:15 pm	Reading by Linda Pastan

SPECIAL GUEST READER today will be Paul Mariani, appearing at 4:30 pm. His books of poetry include Crossing Cocytus and Timing Devices; William Carlos Williams: a new world naked established him as an important critic, a reputation soon to be enhanced by publication of his brand new biography of John Berryman, Dream Song.

UNFORTUNATE DEPARTURE . . . Due to circumstances beyond her control, staff associate Marianne Gingher had to leave the conference. Novelist Jim Shepard will read Thursday afternoon at 4:30 pm in the time slot originally scheduled for her.

ONE LINE NOVEL:

"I just had a great idea-- let's go home again!"

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY is fine for getting around Manhattan, but it won't get you home from Bread Loaf. Advise the Front Desk ASAP about when and how you plan to depart. If you've spent all your allowance on books and maple syrup, don't despair: just seek out tramp royal Ted "Conrail" Conover during one of his few lucid moments and get some good advice about rollin' somewhere, anywhere. You'll find him hunkered over a pot of mulligan stew in the jungle behind Treman, singing the Best of Boxcar Willie.

WE TROLLED THE DEEP WATER FOR THE BIG FISH IN THE SMALL BOAT, AND IT WAS GOOD-- If you want grilled salmon instead of prime rib for the final banquet, you must advise the Front Desk by Thursday at noon. Ditto if you want linguini. No tickee, no entree.

AUTHORS ON THE SILVER SCREEN . . . Ann Hood, author of Naked Somewhere Off the Coast of Maine, one of those Incredible Journey-motif stories in which a spotted porpoise, a nurse shark, and a chinook salmon all find their way together to a distant spawning ground in time to rescue a little boy in a Red Sox cap named Timmy from an unspeakable fate at the hands of the Lawn Flamingo People, has just sold her new novel Waiting To Use Vanish, a commodious tale of housecleaning horror, to Warn Her, Brothers, Pictures for an undisclosed sum rumored to be in two figures. Goldie Hawn has been cast as Hood's alter-ego protagonist Mavis, a Flight Attendant who retires to the L.A. suburbs only to discover a cult of household cleaning product poets living in her basement. Woody Woodsum plays Pagliaci the plumber, and Linda Pastan has a walk-on role as the Republican Senator from Wyoming.



QUOTE OF THE DAY:

"'Politics,' he said when they had grown quiet and contemplative, 'is a man and a woman doing what we just did without as much as a sigh or a whisper because their kids are lying all around them listening whether they want to or not. And if they rear up, and if they cry out ...'"

DINING ROOM SCHOLARS WILL BE SERVING up some fine food for thought during tonight's reading in Barn West at approximately 9:15 p.m. Tonight's menu includes: Millie Bentley, Benjamin Swett, Donna Glee Williams, Sudeep Sen, Quendrith Johnson, Richard Seehus, Kate Henley, Bob Slaymaker, Joy Dworkin, Kent Myers, Sharon Kraus and Wendy Bagwell.

CONTRIBUTORS' READINGS CONTINUE today in Barn West from 3:10-4:30 p.m.

OVERHEARD

- . . .At the Front Desk, "Are you the first salmon?"
- . . .In workshop, "Oh my God, a politeness fight."
- . . .In Larch, "I have seen God and it is a twenty stanza poem."
- . . .In the Barn, "As if this conference wasn't intensive enough, I had to go and nearly hit a moose in my car."  
"What was a moose doing in your car?"



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love poem by Linda Pastan

I want to write you  
a love poem as headlong  
as our creek  
after thaw  
when we stand  
on its dangerous  
banks and watch it carry  
with it every twig  
every dry leaf and branch  
in its path  
every scruple  
when we see it  
so swollen  
with runoff  
that even as we watch  
we must grab  
each other  
and step back  
we must grab each  
other or  
get our shoes  
soaked we must  
grab each other



"... Indeed, there is very little true reading, and not nearly as much writing as one would suppose from the towering piles of pulpwood in the dooryards of our paper mills. Readers and writers are scarce, as are publishers and reporters. The reports we get nowadays are those of men who have not gone to the scene of the accident, which is always farther inside one's own head than it is convenient to penetrate without galoshes."

-- E.B. White

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THE CRUMB!

Vol. 64, No. 9

Thursday, Aug. 24, 1989

OU SONT LES NEIGES D'ANTAN? INDEED, WHO SENT THE NIETZSCHES DOWNTOWN? We can't return to you the snows of yesteryear, but if you find yourself lacking that certain savoir faire, fresh out of les mots justes, longing for panache, finesse, that indescribable je ne sais quoi, or merely a cause celebre, rouse yourself from the cesspools of ennui and come trumpeting across the lawn Chanson de Roland-style toward Le Theatre Petit for today's literary souffle. So onward, Legionnaires-- oh la la, toujours l'amour, parlez-vous humma-humma, and vive Air France!

SCHEDULE:

9- 11 am . . . . .	Workshops	D. Justice . . . Barn 1
		L. Pastan . . . Barn 3
		E. Voigt . . . Barn West
		N. Delbanco . . Barn 2
		N. Willard . . Barn 4
		H. Wolitzer . . Barn 6
11:15 am- 12:15 pm . . .	Readings by Fellows: Chris Merrill, Ted Conover, & Katharine Stall	
2- 3 pm . . . . .	Lecture by Rosellen Brown	
4:30- 5:30 pm . .	Readings by Jim Shepard & Wyatt Prunty	
8:15 pm . . . . .	Reading by Tim O'Brien	

VENDREDI SOIREE-- This is it, the Big One. The no-punches-pulled, all-bets-are-off, all-conference cocktail party will take place on the Treman Lawn at 5 pm Friday-- note the earlier than usual time. CRUMB society editor Amy Van Peterbilt advises, "Dress is optional, of course. At the same time, that sassy mademoiselle on the zoom will want to look her best, so we suggest anything without coffee stains on it. Hair and heels are up, shoulders and waists are down this year. Fellows, borrow a clean shirt."

ENTREE SHOWDOWN-- High noon today is the deadline for choosing either salmon or linguini for the farewell banquet Saturday. See the Front Desk.

LES GRANDS FROMAGES DE GALILEO-- Jack Stephens and Julia Wendell of the Galileo Press, which publishes both fiction and poetry, will meet with interested authors in the Blue Parlor today between 3:10 and 4:10 pm.

TAXICABS FROM HELL AND LE VOYAGE PAR AVION . . . Based on the very lean response to our tearsheet regarding travel plans, it seems that most of you have decided to remain on the mountain forever. This simply will not do-- David Bain hasn't got nearly enough hay in his barn for all of you, and Carl Stach reminds us there is only enough coffee to last until Sunday. So let the Front Desk know how and when you plan to partir, savvy?

ENTENDRE PAR HASARD

. . . on the front porch: "Tomorrow I'll wear pants and we can climb trees together, okay?"  
. . . at the Inn: "Watching you jog by, I suddenly knew how the big bass hiding in the grassy shallows feels when they drag a Mister Twister past his face."  
. . . at dinner: "She needs more sex scenes in her writing."  
                  "In my writing? Who are you kidding? I need more sex scenes in my life!"  
. . . in the field: "Fate willed it this way."

ONE LINE NOVEL:

"Trust me, kid," said Dr. Pangloss. "Have I ever steered you wrong?"



QUOTE OF THE DAY:

"...when my wife passed me the stylus and Magic Tablet on which we write our breakfast orders, I wrote, 'Porpozec ciebie nie prosze dorzanin albo zyolpocz ciwego.' She laughed and asked me what I meant. When I repeated the sentence, it seemed, indeed to be the only thing I wanted to say -- she began to cry, and I saw in the bitterness of her tears that I had better take a rest."

BIG SLEEP ... The movie "The Big Sleep," an instructional film for life after Bread Loaf, will be shown tonight in the barn at about 9:30 p.m. Features Bogart and Bacall; English subtitles.

PORCH PROTOCOL ... The porch police ask that late-night noise be kept low on porches and in rooms and hallways, especially on Saturday night since some folks have got a long way to travel Sunday and may need their Zs.

SYNCHRONIZE YOUR WATCHES. . . . Campers, I ask you -- if you were standing at a podium pouring out your heart's work to an audience, trying in a short few minutes to captivate them, to move them, to make them understand some important truth you have learned through a lonely showdown with your own demons, would you want some bozo slamming the door at a crucial moment, then upstaging you with a noisy walk into the back bleachers? Please be prompt to readings and lectures. Listen for the bells. Staff and waiteroids of course must occasionally be late, if duties run overtime. For the rest, your courtesy will be much appreciated.

COSMIC CHATTER by Astro-philosophy editor Karl Sayagain  
You know, the other night I was looking at the sky lying on the grass, I mean I was lying on the grass, not the sky. Well. There were some sort of, like lights-- stars, I guess, or satellites, or airplanes, who can know for sure? Knowing is becoming is being, as I used to tell my classes at Cornyell. So where was I? What does it all mean, the Big Picture? One more mongo video only? Maybe one ought to do to be, or be to do, or be or not, or do-be-do-be-do. . . . At last man comes face to face with the final salad bar of his meager shrew-sized intellect, grasping and reaching for that last morsel of knowledge, like a hobo grabbing old fried chicken out of a dumpster, or whatever. Billions and billions of us are looking at the stars, on the other hand, some of us are just lying in the gutter alongside Carl Stach . . . .

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Excerpt from The Nuclear Age by Tim O'Brien

"My wife thinks she's leaving me. Already the suitcases are packed, and in the bedroom, behind a locked door, Bobbi spends the afternoon sorting through old letters and photographs. Her mood is truculent. Two months since she last spoke to me. When necessary -- today, for instance -- she communicates by way of the written word, using Melinda as a go-between, dispatching fierce warnings like this one:

RELATIVITY

Relations are strained  
in the nuclear family.  
It is upon us, the hour  
of evacuation,  
the splitting of blood  
infinitives.  
The clock says fission  
fusion  
critical mass.

"Mommy's not too happy," Melinda tells me. "Pretty upset, I think. She means it."

"Mommy's not herself," I say, "Off the wall."

"Off what?"

"The wall, baby. She's a poet, we have to expect it."



"I don't want to be a doctor, and live by men's diseases; nor a minister to live by their sins; nor a lawyer to live by their quarrels. So I don't see there's anything left for me to be but to be an author."

--Nathaniel Hawthorne

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THE CRUMB!

Vol. 64, No. 10

Friday, August 25, 1989

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WE REST UP SO WE CAN DRESS UP ... The Gala Cocktail Party begins today at 5 p.m. (please note earlier than usual time) on Treman Lawn. This penultimate party is the time to break out your best duds and unleash your most scintillating conversation. Social Staff supplies the best of the rest. In case of rain, go directly to the barn, do not pass Go.

BEFORE THE BASH:

9-11 a.m. WORKSHOPS

Lore Segal.....Barn 1

Marvin Bell.....Barn 2

Ron Powers.....Barn 6

William Matthews/

Robert Pack.....Barn West

11:15-12:15 p.m. Fellows Readings --Julia Wendell, Tony Eprile & Jane LeCompte

2-3 p.m. Lecture by Tim O'Brien

4-5 p.m. Readings by Don Mitchell and Jay Parini\*

8:15 p.m. Reading by William Matthews

\*TIME CHANGE ... Due to the earlier cocktail party time, and the laws of time and space, the afternoon reading by Don Mitchell and Jay Parini can be seen in their new time slot of 4 p.m.

COMING ATTRACTIONS: The farewell barn dance will follow Saturday night's reading at approximately 9:15 p.m. David "Pianoman" Bain tells the CRUMB! that the first half-hour of this sweet goodbye tradition will be the "Cheek-to-Cheek" segment, featuring the swing and foxtrot and songs by the Fred Astaire, Bunny Berrigan and Billie Holiday orchestras. Then special D.J. Don Pardo will signal a quick escalation into dance music of the '80s, '70s, '60s and '50s, in an attempt to please everyone's musical palate.

Also, Saturday's closure panel from 2-3 p.m. will feature Rosellen Brown, Tim O'Brien, Robert Pack and Nancy Willard.

AGENT IN SEARCH OF AUTHORS (part II) ... Marisa Smith of Smith and Kraus Inc. literary agency will talk informally in the Blue Parlor today from 3:10-4:10 p.m. Smith and Kraus recently moved from Manhattan to Newbury, Vermont, and is committed to reaching the Green Mountain State writing community.

PERFORMING CORK PROPRIETOR Woody Woodsum says if conference participants leave self-addressed, stamped postcards from him at the Front Desk, he'll reveal to them the date of his David Letterman debut. Get your VCRs set!

REMINDER TO RETURN all library books by 5 p.m. TODAY!

PHOTO OP-- Staff, Fellows, Scholars, and Waiteroid photos today and tomorrow, weather permitting, TBA. 8 X 10s are \$5 each. Contact the office for details.



OVERHEARD

... in the Barn: "I don't need a sestina, I'm not even tired."  
... on the porch: "Here my brain feels soft and fat, but where I live I'm really smart."  
... over dinner: "Rick Jackson is a sick poet!"

QUOTE OF THE DAY:

"Looking up, the Bishop saw a peculiar formation in the rocks; two rounded ledges, one directly over the other, with a mouth-like opening between. They suggested two great stone lips, slightly parted and thrust upward. Up to this mouth Jacinto climbed quickly by footholds well known to him. Having mounted, he lay down on the lower lip, and helped the Bishop climb up."

SCOOP ---ELOPEMENT--- SCOOP!!!

Those Bread Loafians, Continental Drifter Russell Banks and Northern Spy Chase Twitchell are expected to elope to Scotland today to -- what else? -- get bound in matrimony. Philip "Jake" Gerard told the happy couple everything he knows about bondage. The conversation lasted 30 seconds.

LITERARY THEME PARK in Ripton ... Just purchased by Ricardo Jackson, T.R. Hummer and William Matthews this new theme park will feature an 18-hole Golf Course. Among the holes: The Freud on the Green--the cup is your mother's womb. The Deconstructionist Hole--the ball disintegrates, then you do. The Byron Hole--You have to bring your own club. The Dante Hole--The tee is in the middle of the woods. And the 18th hole, the Yeats Hole--It's not the green after all, it's the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart and you have to start all over. J., H. & M. are looking for further suggestions to their park. Please feel free to submit!

WE DON'T DISCOUNT THEIR GENIUS, BUT WE ARE DISCOUNTING THEIR BOOKS--20% off on all books in the bookstore as of 8 am today (autographs are extra). But hurry-- Bob Reiss's guide to airline hijinks, The Accidental Terrorist, has already sold out.

PLEASE NOTIFY FRONT DESK OF YOUR TRAVEL PLANS.

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Vasectomy (poem excerpt) by William Matthews

After the vas deferens is cut, the constantly  
manufactured sperm cells die into the bloodstream  
and the constant body produces antibodies

to kill them. Dozens of feet of coiled wiring  
need to be teased out and snipped at the right spot,  
and then, local anesthetic winding down, the doc

has to stuff it all back in like a flustered motorist  
struggling to refold a road map. But never mind,  
you'll fire blanks forever after. At first you may feel

peeled and solitary without your gang of unborn  
children, so like the imaginary friends of childhood  
and also like those alternate futures you'll never

live out and never relinquish because they're company,  
and who'd blame you preferring company to love?



"Anybody can make history; only a great man can write it."  
-- Oscar Wilde

THE CRUMB!

Vol. 64, No. 11

Saturday, Aug. 26, 1989

REACH FOR THE SKY, YOU GREENHORN TINHORN DALLYWELTERS--

We got one more day before we ring the bell on this bullride, so tauten your cinches, grab hold with your knees, and hang onto your hat-- it's going to be a wild ride. Here's the round-up. . .

9-11 am	Workshops	L. Pastan . . . . . Barn 6
		E. Voigt . . . . . Barn 1
		R. Brown . . . . . Barn 2
		D. Huddle . . . . . Barn 3
		T. O'Brien . . . . . Barn West

2-3 pm Panel on Literary Closure: Rosellen Brown, Tim O'Brien,  
Nancy Willard, & Robert Pack

3:15 pm Reading by Ron Powers

BUSTED FLAT IN BATON ROUGE, HEADED FOR THE TRAIN is where your friendly neighborhood waiteroids may be if you forget your obligation to tip them. CRUMB financial editor Ronald Crump advises, "be generous. Imagine you've been dining out at the Waybury Inn for two weeks-- you get the picture. 10- 15% is standard, and checks (made out to Middlebury College) or cash may be left in the dining room box or at the Front Desk. Questions? See Carl Stach.

'As for the housecleaning staff, please leave your tip with the Front Desk and indicate building and room number where you are staying, to be sure the money falls into the right hands and doesn't end up laundered in a pyramid land scheme in Jamaica.

'If you're just plain too cheap or nasty to tip these hard-working people, Ted "Coyote" Conover will be leading a group over the mountain into Canada tonight after moonrise, so bring along a blanket, a gallon jug full of tepid water, extra salt for the Kentucky Fried Chicken, and your blues harp."

GOING SOUTH? OF COURSE YOU ARE-- YOU CAN'T STAY HERE, THE FEDERALES WILL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE! AND THEY DON'T NEED NO STINKING BADGES, so puh-leez apprise the Front Desk immediately if you need a bus, cab, train, plane, overland freight, camel caravan, or black maria. 'Cause on Sunday you're going to have to vamoose, skeedaddle, beat feet, book, boogie, bolt, blow, take a powder, exeunt, and go to Texas. . . . If you're still here by Sunday night, Carol Knauss warns that you will be stored in Larch Well till spring thaw.

TOUGH GUYS DON'T DANCE, BUT THE REST OF US DO . . . tonight at the Last Chance Barn Dance after Ron Powers' reading, approximately 9:15 pm. First half hour will be a "cheek-to-cheek" segment-- swing and foxtrot to Fred Astaire, Bunny Berrigan, and Billie Holiday orchestras. Then special guest announcer Don Pardo will signal a quick escalation into dance music of the 80s, 70s, 60s, and 50s, as we try once again to satisfy your collective bizarre taste in music. Sorry, no requests: stick around long enough, though, and your tune will probably show up. In the words of the immortal Robert Frost, "Don't forget to boogie!"

HAD A HARD DAY IN THE SADDLE AND WANT TO JUST HUNKER DOWN AND TALK QUIET-LIKE? Then scout out the Blue Parlor about 9:15 pm where there will be ice, mixers, cups, and quiet company. BYOB.

TALES OF THE FISH PATROL-- The dinner option tonight reminds CRUMB entertainment editor Prunella Persons that novelist Hilma Wolitzer has been signed on to pen the screenplay of Stephen King's latest thriller Coho, about a rabid giant salmon that terrorizes a small New England community. In a daring bid to introduce fresh faces into the tired Tinsel-town rogues gallery, poet Bill Matthews has been cast as the town sheriff of Innity who must either land the big fish from the deep water in the small boat or else explain one of his lectures in standard English. Stanley Bates is Squint, the Ahab of the salmon-sacking set, and Chris Merrill will play a small rattlesnake named Ralph. Ron Powers fulfills a lifelong dream as the Mayor of the seaport theme-town who will grant no interviews, not even to himself.



JACKET BLURBS FROM HELL:

"I saw this one coming." -- Nostrodamus

"This book cost me \$14.95, but I've already saved \$219 on a refrigerator alone."  
-- Popular Mechanics

"The most startling new voice to emerge from Sad Sack, Ark., in months."  
-- New York Times

". . . Redefines the Serbo-Croatian golfcart maintenance thriller as we know it." -- Washington Post Book World

"If you buy only one book this year, don't buy this one."  
-- Richmond News-Leader

"Mr. Gazorninplatt has done it again. . . ."-- Little Rock Bugle

". . . If books were cheese, this novel would be a light camembert. If wine, a Chateau Cunegonde 1928. . . a must read for every good Republican. . . ."  
-- William F. Buckley, Jr.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT AND SCREAM LIKE HELL . . . Will the ghost of Tamarack enter and sign in please? The nocturnal screeching has given us all the willies. It's bad enough watching Carl Stach's head rotate 360 degrees every morning at breakfast. So haunt us unambiguously, or hit the bricks.

OVERHEARD

. . . at Treman: "Sex after marriage doesn't count."  
"Oh, I'm not counting it."

QUOTELESSNESS OF THE DAY: There will be no quote today, as we have run out of expensive prizes to offer. However, as a sort of consolation gift, anyone who feels deprived can pick up a copy of the home game or the complete lyrics of "Prom Night in Arkansas" from the Headwaiter.

ONE LINE NOVEL:

The great thing about being a sailor, thought Billy, was that nobody minded if a fellow stuttered a little.

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excerpt from White Town Drowsing by Ron Powers:

"The Mississippi worked on the deeper instincts. Its soundless summer-day shimmerings, its deadpan placidity and friendly lappings in nonflooding times, only sharpened its intimation of sentient weight and movement, and lent the river a patina of terror-- the kind of terror felt not so much when one was gazing at the river and astonished by its daylight majesty, but later, at night, and forever, in one's dreams.

"I remember-- I have dreamed-- sitting in my grandfather's black Packard on Third Street, facing south toward Bear Creek, which bisected our route to Union Street Hill on its flow to the Mississippi, and watching oilskinned men in flat-bottom boats heap sandbags around the Admiral Coontz Armory. In 1947, my sixth year, the spring floodwaters submerged the railroad tracks and the sidewalks and pavement of Third Street virtually up to the wheels of the stopped Packard. I remember pleading with my grandfather to back the Packard up, turn it around, and get us away from the alien plane that had obliterated this part of Hannibal's surface by a power I did not yet understand. The dark floodwaters gave the familiar buildings an amputated look; disconnected them from any unifying context. They unfixed my universe and caused it to float apart; it was as if my identity, so dependent on the town's permanence, were dissolving.

"This was the terrible duality of the Mississippi: its capacity both to define my location in the world and to suddenly deny it, by some capricious swelling of its weight and movement."



"The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom."-- William Blake

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THE CRUMB!  
Final Edition

Sunday, August 27, 1989

PLEASE TAKE YOUR SEATS FOR OUR FINAL DESCENT ON OUR APPROACH TO REALITY . . . Campers, make sure your seatbelts are securely fastened and your seats and traytables are in their upright locked positions. FAA requirements stipulate that you all have a safe and pleasant journey to your homes and remember us fondly when you get there. Thanks for flying Bread Loaf.

IDIOT CHECK: BEFORE YOU BLOW THIS POP STAND, ASK YOURSELF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS AND AVOID TRAUMA AND EMBARRASSMENT--

- \_\_\_ Have I packed everything, even what was in the drawers, in the closet, and under the bed?
- \_\_\_ Have I tipped the waiteroids generously for their heroic service?
- \_\_\_ Have I also tipped the housecleaning staff?
- \_\_\_ Have I verified my flights, taxis, whatever?
- \_\_\_ Have I got my handy Bread Loaf address list?
- \_\_\_ Have I expressed my admiration and thanks to everyone who deserves it?
- \_\_\_ Have I taken one last long look at Bread Loaf Mountain?

SO WHAT DOES IT ALL ADD UP TO?

It's all been a blur of readings, lectures, cocktails, late-night bull-sessions that made remarkable sense at the time, rambling discussions, intense workshops, sleepless nights and early coffee-jolted mornings-- but what do you do with it?

First, forget all about networking, formulas, rules, whom you've impressed or not, how much which magazines pay for what kind of material, how to sell yourself. If you haven't already gotten it, this whole show is about passion-- the passion of ideas and words and emotions all wrung out of that private wrestling match we all have with what's best and worst inside us. So get away from people and talk for awhile. Go back to your writing place and lean in close over that blank page and write about the things that lie closest to your heart, and write them as well as you can. Then write them again and again till you get them right. See, it wasn't as hard as you thought.

CRUMBY FAREWELL

We at the CRUMB have done our best to keep you in line. If anything we've done has been irreverent, offensive, inaccurate, or just plain incomprehensible, we don't want to hear about it. We'll miss the street-wise banter around the newsroom, the jangle of telephones, the endless clacking of multiple typewriters, the whirring of the fax machine, that urgent crusty voice calling in from some foreign city blurting, "Sweetheart, get me rewrite!" So adios, amoebas, and remember: if you let a smile be your umbrella, your teeth will get wet.

Philip Gerard & Stacey Chase